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“Flowers of Autumn.”



FLOWERS OF AUTUMN.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE

"COTTAGE MINSTREL."

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A FEW PIECES

BY A YOUNG FEMALE, LATE OF THIS CITY, DEC'D.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS.

J. RICHARDS, PRINTER.

1828.

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PREFACE.

IN offering this little work for public patronage, the Authoress is glad of the opportunity to express her grateful acknowledgment to her friends and others, for the favourable reception they gave her little volume, lately published; and as the same cause exists that then induced her to expose the effusions of her pen, namely, the desire of procuring the means of support, she trusts they will receive what she now offers with equal kindness. The pieces which compose it were chiefly written during her recovery from a fit of tedious illness, from which she has been recently restored; a few of the pieces had been written in early life, and were returned to the authoress by an aunt, to whom she had given them. The title she has chosen for her present volume she thinks is an appropriate one,—not only on account of the variety and sombre complexion of some of the pieces, together with the

various afflictions that have fallen to her lot, but also feeling herself in some degree on an equality with the poor flower-girl, who, perhaps, like herself, has seen better days,—yet the desire of independence urges her to the necessity of asking from door to door,—“Do you want to buy any flowers to-day?” and though she, as well as myself, may meet with some who, without placing themselves in a similar situation, will spurn our little offerings with contempt, yet a consciousness that our motive is at least laudable, if not praiseworthy, we may take courage to persevere in the innocent and only way of support that Providence has placed within our reach.

THE AUTHORESS.

P. S. The pieces annexed to this little volume are the production of a young female, late of this city—but now, I trust, an inhabitant of a better. As they are considered by the authoress an embellishment to her own work. she gratefully accepts them.

TO THE READER.

Just cull'd from artless Nature's bowers,
 I here present you with some flowers;
 'Tis true, from recent frosts severe,
 That some of them look wan and sear;
 Others a sombre hue sustain,
 Steep'd in the cold autumnal rain;
 Yet, here and there, a sprig is seen,
 That still retains its native green:
 While some admire the sprightly hue,
 The darker shades may please a few,
 And while they please, this truth convey,
 That beauty soon must fade away;
 And tho' to vie, they don't presume,
 With garden flowers in summer bloom,
 I pluck'd them chiefly from the vale,
 Or where the heath-flower scents the gale;
 A few I pick'd, in youthful pride,
 That flourish'd by the water side;
 And some I gathered near the yew,
 Upon the grave of love they grew;
 Those little faded ones I chose
 Where cherub innocence repose;
 Blended amid the shades of woe,
 See, here and there, a crimson glow!
 I cull'd them near the fount that flows
 Where Calvary's mount sublimely rose;
 While on this sickly plant we trace
 The cheerful sun's averted face,
 And mark the tempest's angry frown
 On yonder little leaf of brown;

See Sol his brighter beams unfold
To deck this sprightly marigold ;
You'll say the boughs, so sear and blight,
Have hid the marigold from sight ;
Well ! I, perhaps, have been deceived,
And this a marigold believed,
Which, scrutinized by critic power,
May prove a poor dandelion flower.
Though I admire all flowers that blow,
I am no botanist I know ;
They are the best that I can bring,
Intwined in white and sable string ;
Pray take them then, such as they be,
'Twas simple nature gave them me,
As o'er the moorland hill or dale,
Or wandering through my native vale,
'They sooth'd my heart, and cheer'd my eyes,
And there I pluck'd the guiltless prize
Which now I offer to your bosoms ;
Exchanging for your fruit, my blossoms.

THE
FLOWERS OF AUTUMN.

In Memory of the late Joseph Eastburn.

Weep Mariner ! what star of equal ray
Shall now direct thee o'er the dangerous way,
Shall point the road, and by its lustre guide
Thee to the coast where tempests all subside ?
Weep Mariner ! that star no more shall rise,
In gloom, to light thee, or of rocks apprise ;
From dangerous shoals no more direct thy way,
Or point where rapid whirlpools eddying play.
That star is set ! yet long its lingering light
Diffused increasing brightness o'er thy night ;
Till from the verge of time it glided far,
To shine in heaven, a more exalted star.
Oh ! may some other orb, with radiance fair,
Lit by the rays that long hung quiv'ring here,
With equal warmth, with equal light appear,
To point to dangers, or in gloom to cheer ;
And prove a second Eastburn in your hemi-
sphere.

ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Tho' different sects as different modes pursue,
 In paying to their God, his worship due,
 Which with an eye impartial he surveys,
 From hearts sincere, accepts the grateful praise;
 Though different sects as different roads pursue,
 All in the end have the same point in view.
 Heaven is the object where our wishes tend,
 To heaven we all aspire when life shall end:
 While the great sovereign of that blest abode,
 Is pleas'd to see his children in the road,
 To him it matters not which way we shew
 The adoration that to him we owe,
 Whether in vocal strains our notes we raise,
 And in the solemn hymn extol his praise;
 In lofty psalms our grateful voice extend,
 Or strive by vocal prayers the heavens to rend;
 Or with a solemn reverential awe,
 Before his presence we in silence draw,
 With contrite heart before our Father bend,
 And inward prayer that will to heaven ascend—
 Since 'tis the heart alone that he approves,
 And 'tis the off'ring that alone he loves;
 The angelic hosts in silence oft retire,
 Suspend their praise, and silently admire.

LIBERTY.

O'ercome with terror and dismay,
 A little bird, the other day,
 Into our parlour flew ;
 It seem'd alarmed almost to death,
 And panted sadly for its breath,
 A piteous sight to view.

At every window long it tried,
 But found a passage still denied,
 Till with compassion fraught,
 By persevering I at length
 Exhausted all its little strength,
 And the poor captive caught.

Its small remaining strength had fled,
 It lay within my hand as dead,
 Ah! sad captivity!
 Poor little creature! fear no harm—
 What does thy gentle breast alarm?
 I'll gladly set thee free.

Freedom's to every creature dear,
 Then know, thou hast no cause to fear,
 Too much the gem I prize ;
 I would not hold thee, captive! bound,
 Too well I love thy cheering sound,
 Sweet tenant of the skies!

THE VALLEY OF THE ALPS.

A TALE.

Where Alpine mountains rear their lofty heads,
 A fertile vale in freshest verdure spreads;
 And tho' the heights in dazzling white appear,
 Luxuriant Eden seemed to blossom here,
 While chrystal waters down the rocks descend,
 And to the humble vale fresh beauties lend.
 Here a few scattered cottages were seen,
 With sheep and playful goats upon the green;
 Or, when the radiant sun descended low,
 And the white clouds with varied colours glow,
 The flocks at call, come down the rugged way,
 And lambs and kids in sportive gambols play;
 At the pure stream refresh'd, they seek their fold,
 And sleep secure from wolves or mountain cold,
 As the keen air descending cross'd the vale,
 And blew at evening hour a wintry gale.

Ah, beauteous vale! where Eden seem'd to
 bloom,

And flowers and shrubs diffused a sweet perfume;
 Even where the awful summits tower'd to view,
 Adown their craggy sides the wild-flower grew.
 And while the topmost rocks with snows were
 crown'd,

The fragrant wild-rose sheds its sweets around.

Ill-fated valley! all thy charms so fair,
 Thy distant spire, that spoke the house of prayer

Thy mothers, children, and their peaceful home;
 Soon found, beneath the snows, an icy tomb.
 The sun, whose radiant beams more potent grew,
 As the approach of summer nearer drew,
 Dissolving by his rays the mass on high,
 Like a huge sheet descending from the sky;
 Noiseless as death the mighty deluge bends,
 And instant o'er the beauteous vale descends.
 Now the full moon her brightest radiance shed,
 And the glad swain to seek his hamlet sped;
 Down the rough way his cautious steps he bends,
 Nor dreams of all the sorrows that impends;
 His panting bosom glows with fond desire
 To join his little group and evening fire,
 While his glad spouse, with grateful feelings
 fraught,
 Prepares the feast that for her sake he sought;
 To view around his board his dearest wealth,
 Their mother, and his blooming sons of health,
 To take his little Blanche on his knee,
 And pass the evening hours in harmless glee;
 A thousand guiltless joys, beyond control,
 Beguile his path and animate his soul;
 And still, as o'er the steeps he traced his way,
 He pull'd the rose to make his cottage gay;
 Or the pure lily from the mountain's crest,
 He careful pluck'd, to deck his fair one's breast;
 Emblem of spotless innocence, and fair
 As the fond heart that beat with kindness there.
 Such pleasing hopes before his fancy play,
 To cheer his soul and smooth his rugged way.
 When lo! emerging from the shade to light,
 Gaining the last descent of craggy height,
 His native vale burst full upon his sight!

Instant the moon in cloudless lustre shone!
 Instant his hopes of future joys were gone!
 One shapeless mass involved his lov'd retreat,
 And its dear inmates in one winding sheet!
 With agonizing look he felt the blow,
 Then headlong plunged beneath the o'erwhelm-
 ing snow.

HOPE.

Oh, thou sweet soother of our mortal cares!
 How should we live, how could we bear the woes
 Inflicted on our race, without thy aid?
 'Twas kind in heaven to blend thee with our sor-
 rows,
 To point to better times, to happier days;
 In life's last hour to see thee smile serene,
 And point to happiness in future worlds!
 Oh smiling Hope! attend my footsteps still,
 Across the desert of this nether world;
 Desert it oft has prov'd; yet here and there,
 A fragrant flower I find; and, cheer'd by thee!
 Look forward still for more. Sweet smiling
 Hope!
 Be my companion to the verge of time;
 And then with cheerful aspect trim thy lamp,
 To light me safely o'er the gloomy vale,
 Where rolls the darksome stream, whose waves
 divide
 Our desert land from heaven's enamel'd shores.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO E. F. N.

I thought when the dark clouds were hovering
 around me,
 That friendship had fled from the regions below;
 But, sweet charm! in the moment of need I have
 found thee,
 And feel thy warm current my bosom o'erflow!

Yes, Friendship! sweet soother of my youthful
 bosom,
 Thy charms by affliction were hidden from me;
 But again I behold thee expanding, sweet blossom,
 And partake of the fruit, dear Eliza, from thee!

May He, whose large bounties have stor'd the
 creation,
 On thee, and on thine, every blessing bestow;
 May He be your solace in every probation,
 And cheer with his presence each moment of
 woe.

And when on the borders of Jordan reclining,
 And time and its objects recede from your
 sight,
 May hope shed a radiance all glorious and shining,
 And cheer all your way to the regions of light.

HOW TO COURT THE MUSE.

Some think it hard to court the muse;
 I find the task a pleasure;
 I let her be, if she refuse,
 Or bid her take her leisure.

She'll sometimes at a distance wait,
 In hopes I still will woo her;
 Then off she flies, with scorn elate;
 I still say nothing to her.

I take my work, whate'er it be,
 And think no more about her;
 Her hovering wing I quickly see,
 When I can do without her.

She takes her circles round and round,
 Then stops, and fluttering o'er me,
 She from her motions and her sound,
 To notice would implore me.

But if I find her fickle still,
 And make as if she'd leave me,
 I say, my dear pray take thy will,
 Of peace thou'lt ne'er bereave me.

But when she comes in kindly mood,
 And I am at my leisure,
 Her gentle visits do me good,
 And yield my bosom pleasure.

Her cheerful smile, her cordial glow,
 Exhilarate my spirit;
 And I would ne'er her charms forego
 A sceptre to inherit.

She soothes the sorrows of my breast,
 And bids ill humour flee;
 Exalts my heart, with cares oppress'd,
 To him, who lent her me.

And though I would not be enslaved,
 Or too much warmth discover,
 Yet when I find her well behaved,
 I'll always be her lover.

In Memory of Joseph C——, aged 93 years.

Weary pilgrim, cease to mourn!
 Thou hast gain'd the promised land!
 Go! on angels pinions borne,
 In thy saviour's presence stand!

Happy moment of release!
 From the clog of flesh set free,
 Go enjoy eternal peace!
 Angels smile to welcome thee.

Gentle spirit, soul resigned,
 Soaring from this world of care;
 Oh could I thy mantle find,
 Of thy spirit have a share.

Peter the Great and Peter the Small.

*Addressed to P. J. C**.*

More bless'd than Peter on a throne,
Is Peter in a cot ;
As proud ambition sway'd the one,
While cheerful innocence alone
Is lesser Peter's lot.

Peter the great had wide domains.
A warrior and a king ;
Peter the small upon the plains,
Or in the woods a war maintains,
The rabbit home to bring.

Peter the great much blood has spilt,
Whence helpless orphans spring ;
He realms subdued, and cities built ;
While little Peter free from guilt,
Is greater than a king.

IN MEMORY OF W. E****.

*Addressed to S. E****.*

As the tall cedar in its youthful prime,
Upon the lofty mountain towers sublime,
Till from on high the livid flame descends,
Sudden beneath its stroke the cedar bends ;
No more its verdant boughs aspiring rise,
Low on the plain its withering verdure dies.

Thus William fell, in youth aspiring bloom,
 An early victim to the silent tomb.
 Around his youthful heart, in fancy bright,
 Flutter'd the airy visions of delight;
 But what avails each dear delusive scene,
 Fair fleeting structure of hope's fairy dream?
 Like the gay bubble glittering on the tide,
 A gale arose, the shining beauties died;
 Sudden a summons from the court on high,
 Bid in his view each earthly phantom die;
 That youthful heart like others prone to stray,
 Heard the sad summons—heard it with dismay.
 Yet in the little space, by mercy given,
 Sought and I trust acceptance found with heaven.
 While the dear Saviour, from his throne above,
 Reach'd down the lamp of hope; 'twas lit by love;
 The light that cheer'd, the love that sooth'd his
 breast,
 Smooth'd his rough passage to the land of rest,
 Calm'd the dark waves of Jordan's stormy flood,
 And wafted safe the sufferer home to God.

A SONNET

*On reading the Memoirs of the late celebrated
 Mary Robinson.*

Sweet Poetess, misfortune's child!
 Adorned with every power to charm;
 Fair wanderer o'er the flow'ry wild,
 Early expos'd to every harm!

'Temptation tried her syren power
 To lure thy steps from virtue's way;
 And ah! 'twas in a luckless hour,
 She led thy yielding heart astray.

Let pity pause, and drop a tear,
 And seek temptation's snares to shun;
 Say, ye severest of severe!
 What, in her case, ye would have done.
 What talents, beauty, elegance, adorn,
 Admired, caressed—deserted and forlorn.

Thoughts on the above lines.

Oh! had those heavenly charms, that did conspire
 To draw the heart to love thee and admire,
 Been chastened by religious grace divine,
 Thou mightest even here till now, with lustre
 shine!

But, ah! seduced from the pure path to stray,
 What thorns, what cares, what gloom involv'd
 thy way!

Those shining talents, given thee to improve,
 Or win the heart to more exalted love,
 Debased and spurn'd, have found an early doom.
 And sink with thee neglected in the tomb.

MODESTY.

How sweet is the roseate morning,
 When the dewy drops tremble on high.
 And the lark leaves her nest, and is soaring
 With mellow notes up to the sky!

How sweet is the flower-scented valley,
 And how sportive the lambs on the plain!
 How melodious the notes of the robin,
 And how plaintive the turtle dove's strain!

Yet more sweet than the morn's rosy blushes,
 Is the glow upon modesty's cheek;
 More sweet than the lark's morning sonnet,
 Are the accents which modesty speak.

Her bosom's the flower scented valley,
 Where innocence sportively reigns;
 And her voice is as clear as the redbreast's,
 While peace soothes the heart with her strains.

Little warbler on the spray!
 With thy head beneath thy wing;
 While the winds around thee play,
 Sit, and thus enjoy thy swing.

Though the night hawk may be noar,
 To disturb thy airy sleep,
 Thou didst me, sweet warbler, cheer,
 I will now thy vigils keep.

Thus may he whose wakeful eye
 Watches o'er the sons of men,
 In my slumbers still be nigh,
 I shall fear no danger then.

“THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT.”

Ah when will the gloom that envelopes me round
 Be dispers'd by the sun's cheering rays!
 Ah when shall the voice of sweet music resound
 'To betoken the dawning of day!

All looks dreary and sad, not a star in the sky
 Breaks its way through the darkness profound;
 To retreat from this desert oft vainly I try,
 For the briers still encompass me round.

And with sorrowful heart, to the eastward I gaze
 With a hope some fair token to see,
 That will cheer me e'er long through the trou-
 blesome maze,
 Or assist me from dangers to flee.

But alas! though I know that the night is far spent,
 As I count all the hours that roll by,
 Though the darkness increases, sweet hope is
 still lent
 To assure me that morning is nigh.

*To a Young Man just recovering from severe
 Illness.*

Just emerging from the gloom,
 That hovers with a sickly shade,
 Close to the borders of the tomb,
 With cheeks divested of their bloom,
 In sallow hue array'd;

Just rescued from the threat'ning foe,
 E'er yet thy cheeks begin to glow,
 All weak and trembling from the strife;
 Prepare the best that thou can'st bring,
 An off'ring to the eternal king,
 Who thus prolongs thy life!

How grateful is the cooling wreath
 Of health around the burning brow!
 While the dark hovering mists of death,
 No more obstruct thy panting breath,
 Or sinking spirits bow.
 Again thou feel'st the cheerful ray,
 Again the healthful pulses play,
 And smiling hope impart;
 That soon the hand which laid thee low,
 Shall bid the rose of health to glow,
 Whilst thou, thy gratitude to show,
 Should'st give him all thy heart.

TO LETITIA L——N,

On her Marriage.

Well! since at Hymen's altar bound,
 May love and friendship both increase,
 And strew with lavish hand around,
 The flowers of happiness and peace.

May bounteous heaven its gifts profuse,
 O'er you like vernal flowers distil;
 May all that gives delight, amuse,
 And joy your vacant moments fill.

May discord, life's embittering foe,
 Far from your dwelling fix her seat ;
 May there in equal currents flow,
 The streams of pleasure, safe and sweet.

With you the dear domestic train
 Of all the social virtue's dwell,
 There may contentment ever reign,
 And your's the gilded dome excel.

Not quick each other's faults to spy,
 Oh strive contention's voice to shun!
 "On equal wings your troubles fly,
 In equal streams your pleasures run."

Pray now accept this little song,
 That bears my every wish sincere ;
 May bounteous heaven your days prolong,
 And grant you all I've wish'd for here.

Prudentia's Choice of a Husband.

If e'er at Hymen's shrine I bow,
 There to express the solemn vow,
 May a true sense of honour bind,
 And to the occasion suit my mind.
 Such be the man, or young or old,
 By whom I'd wish to be control'd :
 Of true substantial worth possessed,
 First let religion warm his breast :
 Not with enthusiastic heat,
 Or hated bigotry replete :

Of genuine charity the friend ;
 Prompt to forgive, loth to offend ;
 A foe to levity and jesting,
 Of manners sweetly interesting ;
 Rather inclined to serious mood,
 Of heart susceptible and good ;
 Virtue should form the leading trait
 Of all the charms that make him great ;
 True dignity with softness joined,
 Of noble sentiments, refined—
 Such be the graces that adorn his mind.
 'The mental charms are what I chiefly prize,
 Since 'tis from those our happiness arise.

THE GHOST.

There once an ancient cottage stood
 Partly encircled in a wood ;
 By its inhabitants forsook
 It wore a solitary look,
 And tattling rumour spread report
 That ghosts did to the cot resort,
 Which furnish'd many a frightful tale
 Till fear did all around prevail ;
 A dismal clattering noise was heard,
 And frightful spectres oft appear'd ;
 Pale superstition shrunk with dread,
 And tir'd his heels to save his head ;
 'Twas long this story went about,
 Till thus, at length, the truth came out.
 It happened on a certain day,
 Two brisk young huntsmen passed that way,

And being fraught with resolution
 They came at last to this conclusion,—
 “ We’ll venture in, at least, and see,
 For what this mighty stir can be.”
 But oh! how great was their surprize
 When first the goblin met their eyes!
 ‘They laughed; indeed who could forbear?
 To see how strange a ghost was there.
 An old white horse, who rang’d the wood,
 And through the forest sought his food;
 Labour unable to sustain,
 Deserted wanderer on the plain,
 Oft, when the sunbeam’s piercing ray
 Did o’er his ancient temples play,
 And flies tormenting, suck’d his blood,
 He hastens to the neighbouring wood;
 Then to his fav’rite cottage hies,
 Stamps on the floor to drive the flies.
 Poor harmless ghost! he little knew
 The stories that about him flew;
 If courage had not tried its skill,
 He might have been the goblin still;
 To reign sole master of the cot
 It still had been his happy lot:
 Instead of terror, mirth takes place,
 And brightens up in every face;
 The joyful tidings spread around,
 Joyful indeed! the ghost is found!
 A lucky turn it was, I’m sure,
 Nor fail’d of making many a cure.

On the Death of S. D——s.

With torturing pain no more oppress'd,
 The spirit finds a sweet relief;
 The weary body sinks to rest,
 And bids adieu to all its grief.

This world of sorrow disappears,
 While a soft slumber clos'd his eyes;
 Wak'd by angelic notes, he hears
 The melting music of the skies.

Transporting transit! oh how sweet!
 From painful toil to endless rest!
 A glorious saviour smiles to meet,
 To join the regions of the blest,

Those eyes, that, many a sleepless night,
 In painful watching pass'd the hours,
 Now seal'd in everlasting night,
 No more exert their feeble powers.

No sorrow, in those regions fair,
 Shall e'er disturb thy calm repose;
 May thy lov'd partner meet thee there,
 When life and all its sorrows close.

Her loss of thee no doubt is great,
 Yet cease dear —— no more complain;
 Though sad and lonely be thy state,
 Thy loss is his eternal gain!

AGAINST STRIFE.

Was it for this the son of peace
Descended from above?

Ah! was it not that strife should cease
And give a place to love?

Oh Lord! dear Lord, again descend,
And bid the waves subside!
Thy all subduing influence lend,
And thy poor children guide.

So wide, so high the billows roll,
They know not how to steer,
Thy voice can yet these waves control,
Thou art a helper near!

Oh! come and calm this troublous strife
And from contention free;
For discord mars the streams of life
And will divide from thee!

Grant the pure spirit of thy love,
That all the world may see,
Who as disciples thou'lt approve,
And who would live to thee.

LINES

*On the Death of H. J. R*****.*

Awake my muse! the mournful task pursue,
 And pay to worth the last sad tribute due;
 Thy merits claim, dear friend, a nobler lay
 Than my dull muse has language to display.
 Ah! in what form of words can I impart
 The unfeign'd sorrows of a wounded heart?
 How speak my grief, or sympathizing share
 With those who have a heavier weight to bear?
 Ah! my dear friend, so unexpected fled!
 Cut off from life, and number'd with the dead!
 Just in the bloom of youth, each prospect bright
 How soon obscur'd beneath the gloom of night!
 Quick the transition from health's gayest bloom,
 To the cold mansions of the silent tomb!
 Fresh to my view the mournful scene appears;
 I mark thy partner's grief, thy brother's tears;
 And busy memory, still before my view
 Presents the scene too painful to pursue.
 Oh cruel Death! how soon thy dart destroys
 Our dearest bliss, and all our promis'd joys!
 But ah! my youthful friend, thy sudden call,
 Should prove a solemn warning to us all.
 Sharp was thy conflict, but 'twas quickly o'er;
 Thy soul, I trust, has gain'd a happier shore.
 Thy lovely babes, just launch'd on life's rough
 sea,
 Claim'd one fond smile, one parting kiss from
 thee!

Celestial beauty on their features glow,
 Unconscious of their loss, no grief they know;
 'The same rough gale that launch'd you on life's
 sea,
 Launch'd your poor mother in eternity!
 Heav'n still protect you o'er the boisterous flood.
 Sweet little girls, and waft you safe to God.

“Man cometh up like a flower,” &c.

A flow'ret well cultur'd with art,
 And the sweetest that Nature had made;
 It could charm both the eye and the heart,
 For it was in such beauty arrayed.

Its sweets on the breezes were borne,
 Afar in the regions of air;
 And 'twas wont on the breast to be worn,
 And to glow like a diamond there.

But the spoiler of flow'rets pass'd by,
 And he pluck'd it, alas! from its stem;
 I gave the poor flow'ret a sigh,
 And did the rash spoiler condemn.

I thought it quite lost; when behold!
 I look'd, and with beauty anew,
 I beheld its young verdure unfold,
 And expanding afresh to the dew.

Thus man shall in beauty revive,
 Beyond the cold realms of the tomb;
 In regions immortal shall live,
 In beauty immortal shall bloom.

SECRET PRIDE.

I wish, but wishing will not do,
 I strive, but can no good perform :
 While secret pride would prompt my view,
 To flatter self, poor worthless worm.

Pride I detest, and yet unsought,
 I find the secret foe entwine
 Around my heart, with venom fraught,
 To spoil it, when it would be thine.

Lord! I would love, with soul sincere,
 Forget the world and all I see ;
 Still sly intruders crowd me near,
 And steal my yielding heart from thee.

STREPHON AND LOUISA.

Where the moon-beams now tremblingly gleam
 o'er the spot,
 And the rank grass waves over the mound,
 There rests poor Louisa, alas! now forgot,
 Except by a few, who still pity her lot,
 And who sigh as the winds sullen sound.

Once Louisa was gay as the robin that sings
 Her song at the dawning of day ;
 Her breath was as sweet as the odour that springs
 When Flora around her luxuriantly flings
 All the sweet op'ning blossoms of May.

Her cheeks, not the rose, just expanded to view,
 In all its gay tints, could excel;
 Her mild timid eye was of languishing blue;
 And close in the wind her dark tresses did flow,
 Or in curls o'er her white shoulders fell.

As oft o'er the meadow she artlessly stray'd,
 Young Strephon beheld with delight;
 While he eagerly gazed on the beautiful maid,
 Whose innocent cheeks were in blushes array'd,
 And retiring she fled from his sight.

But love, or its likeness, his bosom possessed;
 Her absence he could not endure;
 He sought her one eve, and so fondly addressed,
 And with eloquent sighs his affection expressed,
 As her innocent heart did procure.

Now sweetly the moments pass'd gaily away,
 Delighted they roved o'er the green;
 Or stroll'd as Aurora first opened the day,
 And brush'd off the dew drops that hung in their
 way,
 But alas! how soon chang'd was the scene.

Come ye, who have felt what it is to adore,
 Whose bosoms have thrilled with sweet pain!
 Ye only can tell that, when hope is all o'er,
 The throbs of a heart that can never love more,
 And each prospect of pleasure how vain.

As the lily, that violently droops on its stem,
 When nipt by the frosts of the night,

So droop'd poor Louisa, and who can condemn;
 She had prov'd him as dross, she accounted a gem,
 The brightest of all in her sight.

But her cruel false lover still pensive survives,
 While his cheeks wear the hue of despair;
 And though to be mirthful oft vainly he strives,
 For still the poor maid in his memory revives,
 And his brow is o'er-clouded with care.

And oft as he wanders in sorrowful plight,
 Near the spot where Louisa is laid;
 If the leaves rustle soft by the breezes of night,
 Or the beams of the moon on her hillock shine
 bright,
 Then fancy presents the poor maid.

When all mortals are gay, then poor Strephon
 alone
 Laments for the days that are fled;
 While conscience still points to the wrongs he
 has done,
 And he oft drops a tear as he wanders alone,
 O'er the green flow'ry turf of the dead.

To Letitia L——n.

May your cottage, though small, be with happi-
 ness crowned,
 And no troubles your pleasures prevent;
 And may peace in your bosoms forever abound,
 And strew the sweet flowers of delight all around,
 And may yours be the cot of content.

'Tis but little we want, and kind Nature bestows,
 Abundant, her blessings around;
 At return of the spring, may the new op'ning
 rose,
 Her charms at the front of your cottage disclose,
 And the sweet scented brier be found.

O'er the mead, when Aurora first gilds the clear
 sky,
 How delighted methinks I could rove;
 And view the gay sky-lark ascending on high,
 Or hear, in the wood-land adjoining, the sigh
 Or soft mournful coo of the dove.

But now winter, alas! has discolour'd the trees,
 And all nature seems destin'd to mourn;
 No roses perfume with sweet fragrance the breeze,
 The prospects no longer seem fitted to please,
 Till the gay smiling spring-time return.

But the mind is still free and can journey away,
 To regions that winter ne'er knows;
 She can dwell on the serious, or light on the gay,
 Though she now and then finds the sharp thorn
 in the way
 When she ventures to pluck at a rose.

Yet among all the flow'rets, the rose is my toast,
 Though I first meant a song to your cot;
 May you have both daisies and cowslips to
 boast,
 And of pionies and tulips a numberless host,
 And a dear little Forget-Me-Not.

THE WISH.

Written by the Authoress when young.

How blest the maid, supremely blest,
Who knows a leisure hour to find;
Whose busy hands can sometimes rest,
To cheer the mind.

A rural cot, a peaceful home,
With ease and independence bless'd,
And social friends who sometimes come
To give life zest.

Friendship and love might enter in,
Right welcome inmates to my cot;
To love a little is no sin
Nor soon forgot.

A feeling heart and store of pelf,
To help the needy when they call,
Plenty of books upon a shelf,
And pen to scrawl.

To wander when the moony light,
Gleams soft o'er mountain, plain, and tree;
A heart to glow with soft delight,
Or merry glee.

Serene repose, and peaceful dreams,
Alternate labour, ease, and leisure;
A medium, void of all extremes,
Gives greatest pleasure.

Stranger to flatt'ry, I would give
 And wish from all to claim respect ;
 For where's the feeling heart can live
 By cold neglect ?

A conscience clear, without a sting,
 Sweet presage of immortal joy !
 The charms that from religion spring,
 And never cloy.

These, bounteous heaven ! of thee alone
 I ask ; not grandeur, wealth, or fame ;
 Let virtuous actions, not a stone,
 Record my name.

Verses written on recovering from illness in 1816.

Thou who can'st raise the drooping heart,
 Who can the wounds of sorrow bind,
 Who can the smiles of health impart,
 And brace the long enfeebled mind.

The gratitude to thee I owe,
 I find not language to declare ;
 My bosom's secret thoughts, to know
 Is thine, and thou can'st read it there :

When sleep forsook these weary eyes,
 And sickness shook this trembling frame,
 When gloomy clouds involv'd the skies,
 My mind congenial, felt the same.

Then this gay world and all its joys,
 No ray of comfort could impart ;
 Yet even then did friendship's voice
 Allay the sorrows of my heart.

Yet first to thee, Almighty power!
 The song of gratitude is due,
 Thou did'st the balm of sleep restore,
 And midst the billows brought me through.

I thank thee for thy mercies past,
 And beg thy all-sustaining power,
 To help me o'er life's thorny waste,
 Nor e'er forsake in trial's hour.

And in return, oh may my heart,
 Be more devoted, Lord! to thee!
 Bid every rival hence depart,
 And come thyself and dwell with me.

Feelings of Gratitude for the return of Peace.

Oh thou whose voice can bid the billows cease,
 Whose mercies countless as the sands they lave,
 We humbly thank thee for returning peace,
 And joy once more to see the olive wave.

But ah, in vain her branch shall flourish here,
 In vain our land shall be with plenty blest,
 Without thy presence, ev'ry sight is drear,
 With thee, a wilderness in smiles is drest.

Then to my heart the balm of peace restore,
 And from my breast each lurking foe expel :
 Bid guardian innocence to keep the door,
 And condescend *thyself* therein to dwell.

Lines Written 4th Month 1828.

Righteous One, look down, in pity to our woes,
 And lay the storm that rages; oh lay it to repose;
 Oh bid the mountain billows into a calm subside,
 Or o'er the stormy ocean, oh be thy childrens
 guide;

They wish to find the haven of everlasting rest,
 Oh by thy mercy save them, it is their last request.
 For weary of such tossing, upon the restless
 waves,

Where dangers ever threaten, where furious tem-
 pests raves,

We know not where to anchor upon this raging
 sea;

But wherefore are we troubled, if but upheld by
 thee?

Yet a deep gloom involves us, we cannot see the
 way,

Oh dissipate the darkness, and send the cheering
 day:

Oh calm the angry tempest that swells the foamy
 sea,

And melt the icy mountains by one warm ray
 from thee;

Then shall we see before us the sweet enamel'd
 shore,

Where beams the son of glory, where tempests
 never roar,

Where streams of love, unfettered, through all
 its valleys flow,

That to the boundless ocean of love their trea-
 sures owe;

Oh for that blissful haven, where peace and love
 are found,
 I sigh to see its beauties, to hear the turtles sound ;
 My heart is sick with sorrow, my ear no respite
 knows,
 Oh thou whose voice commanded, again com-
 mand repose :
 Say "peace, be still," ye billows, and peace
 again shall be,
 Then bid a ray of love descend, oh righteous
 one from thee.

Addressed to S. D——.

May thy young heart unknown to care,
 Be raised to heaven, in humble prayer,
 That grace divine may enter there,
 Dear Sarah.

And may that heavenly grace expel,
 The rebel foes that love to dwell,
 Within thy bosom's secret cell,
 My Sarah.

May gratitude thy heart expand,
 To him, whose kind protecting hand,
 Can guide thee to the heavenly land,
 Dear Sarah.

Then let thy youthful years be spent,
 In prizing well, each moment lent,
 And the kind friend whom he has sent,
 Dear Sarah.

Still prove thy gratitude of heart,
 To her, who took a mother's part,
 And be more serious than thou art,
 My Sarah.

I love thee dear, and wish thee well,
 And hope thou wilt in worth excel,
 Then go in brighter worlds to dwell,
 Dear Sarah.

*Addressed to Maria S***** on the Death of
 her little Emma.*

Little flow'ret fair to view,
 Why so transient was thy stay,
 Why so rude, the gale that blew
 • Thee from thy parent stem away,
 And laid thy op'ning beauties low?
 Was it to teach thy tribe so fair,
 And the frail stem that did thee bear,
 How vain are every hope below,
 How unavailing every charm?
 Perhaps, the gard'ner good and wise,
 Foresaw some foe in fair disguise
 Might steal away the beauteous prize,
 And sav'd his flower from harm;
 He therefore bid a blast descend,
 And o'er thy feeble strength prevail,
 'Till from thy stalk thou'st riven—
 And in a soil, from changes free,
 In love, he has transplanted thee,
 To bloom, more sweet, in heaven.

REMEMBRANCE.

Ye dear departed ones, can memory ever
 Your fond endearments from my bosom sever?
 Ah no! as close ye twine around my heart,
 As when I saw ye from my view depart;
 Since then how many a painful hour has sped,
 How many a tear has fond remembrance shed,
 How many a change have I been forced to prove,
 But time and sorrow ne'er can change my love:
 No, dearest earthly friends, though lost to sight,
 To think, to speak of you, affords delight;
 I feel a secret union, sweet, and strong,
 That draws you close, and would your stay pro-
 long;
 To wish you back again is far from me,
 I still enjoy you, though I cannot see;
 Yet I rejoice, in every change to know,
 My dearest friends are past the reach of woe.
 To see you suffer was my lot severe,
 My want of resignation cost you dear,
 Till this poor sinful heart, oppress'd with woe,
 Without a murmur, joy'd to see you go.
 Farewell, farewell, but not even now to part,
 Years of affliction cannot change my heart;
 To you, thro' all, it still remains unchanged,
 And must, till life's eventful course is ranged.
 Then oh, eternal goodness! source of love,
 Grant that our souls may re-unite above.

FRAGMENT

ADDRESSED TO ———.

Friends of my wint'ry hour, I feel your worth—
 Ye are not such as only can endure
 The sunny ray, but in the wint'ry gloom,
 When icy fetters fasten every stream,
 That during summer prattles down the mead—
 No! there's a genial warmth in the rich soil
 O'er which ye roll; for ye are not the rills
 That by their noise direct us to the source,
 But like expanded rivers smooth and wide,
 Who bear rich treasure on your placid breast,
 And fertilize the little vales around.

Written on the anniversary of my Mother's death.

Time has roll'd two years away,
 Two checker'd years to me,
 Since on this sad and gloomy day,
 I bade adieu to thee.

My Mother! last surviving friend,
 Of my best friends below,
 I feel, even now, our spirits blend—
 Sweet union still I know.

And the dear partner of thy cares,
 My Father! ever dear,
 With thee, my fond affection shares,
 As tho' you still were here.

And tho' your forms no more my eye can trace,
I feel our spirits blend in fond embrace.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO ———.

I long for a mansion of rest,
My spirit is weary and sad;
My body with ills is oppress'd,
And my heart it no longer seems glad.

'These limbs that so active before,
'This heart that in unison beat,
Alas! these are sprightly no more,
And this is sunk low in its seat.

Or, if tir'd by affliction to move,
It flutters, like warbler confined,
In vain is both friendship and love,
It seems but to sorrow inclined.

Alas! why thus sadly oppress'd,
Ah! why thus so languid and low;
Oh! but show me a mansion of rest,
And let me, oh! there let me go.

I look all around with a sigh,
For a world full plenty I see;
While to gain a small portion I try,
Yet the world would deny it to me.

'Tho' I honestly strive for my part,
 Yet my feeble exertion they scorn,
 And would break by unkindness a heart,
 That alas! is both sad and forlorn.

But though dreary and destitute now,
 It once was as gay as their own,
 But afflictions have learnt it to bow,
 And its hopes are all blasted and gone.

For pity it scorns to implore—
 It asks but the portion designed
 By Him, from whose bountiful store,
 His children a living should find.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Adieu, my friend, thy sudden call,
 Should prove a warning stroke
 'To those thou'st left—to me—to all
 Was the sad lesson spoke.

Oh! may we think upon thy fate,
 Cut down in noon-day bright,
 Nor thoughtless let the hours belate
 Us in the shades of night.

Adieu, my friend, I hope in heaven,
 With thee e'er long to meet;
 Mercy, I trust, to thee was given,
 Our safest, last retreat.

Oh! may thy children seek his love,
 Who has the power to save;
 And may you all unite above,
 In worlds beyond the grave.

GRIEF.

Oh Time! Time! Time! and will thy flight
 Ne'er bear my sorrows out of sight?
 Days, weeks, and months, have glided on,
 But oh! remembrance is not gone.
 Time, that all other sorrows cross,
 Seems only to augment my loss.
 Eternal power! who bids to flow
 The streams that lighten human woe,
 Oh, bid it on its bosom bear,
 From my sad heart this load of care!
 I mark its rapid current go,
 Bearing off many a weight of woe;
 See hearts that like my own were press'd,
 Resume their cheerfulness or rest,
 But yet without a murmuring heart,
 I find my own will ne'er depart.
 Oh thou! who bids the seasons roll,
 Come whisper comfort to my soul!
 Blunt the keen thorn that wounds my breast,
 And grant my weary bosom rest;
 Bid my sad memory's pangs decrease,
 Subside, or terminate in peace;
 Bid the dark tempest cease to lower,
 And kindly melt into a shower.

Arise my soul, shake off thy gloom.

Arise, my soul! shake off thy gloom,
And trust a Father's care;
He who can bid the desert bloom,
Can for thy wants prepare.

Has he ne'er ope'd a way for thee,
When thou wert hedged around?
Arise, my soul! thy fears shall flee,
A path will yet be found.

'Tis he can prosper all thou dost,
Or each fair scheme confound;
'Midst threat'ning ills his guardian host,
May still encamp thee round.

Arise, my soul! shake off the dust
That oft obstructs thy sight;
Nor e'er that guardian arm distrust,
That's stretch'd to lead thee right.

Hast thou not felt a secret power
Thy drooping frame sustain?
And been supported in an hour
When human aid was vain?

Oh yes! thou can'st this truth confess,
And bless that hand unseen,
Who in the depths of keen distress.
Has thy supporter been.

When recent grief o'erwhelm'd the soul,
 'Tremendous to behold,
 Thou did'st the furious storm control,
 By naught beside control'd.

From this poor bleeding breast of pain,
 'Thou did'st extract the thorn,
 Those throbbing wounds did ease regain,
 This heart did cease to mourn.

Yes, thou did'st bid the waves subside,
 The tempest ceased to roar,
 To heal my wounds thy hand applied,
 And in the oil did pour.

Then rise, my soul! thy voice extend
 Up to thy Father's throne;
 Like incense may thy praise ascend,
 And bring his blessings down.

Without his blessing, every hope
 Must dwindle in despair;
 For blessings raise thy offering up,
 And thou shalt have thy share.

Father of love! oh still extend
 The rays of heavenly light!
 My God! my Father! and my friend!
 Oh guide my steps aright!

On the Death of Elizabeth W——s.

'Thy pilgrimage is ended,
 'Thou'st gain'd time's farthest shore :
 A little gale descended
 To waft thee quickly o'er.

'The early flowers have faded,
 And vanish'd long ago ;
 And Autumn's charms were shaded
 Beneath the wint'ry snow.

The eye that beam'd with brightness.
 Had lost its sparkling ray ;
 It saw no more the lightness
 That ushers in the day.

But in a spring unchanging,
 Where flowers immortal bloom.
 I trust thou now art ranging,
 Where sorrows find no room.

Where those, who long had left thee.
 To gain that blissful shore,
 Tho' death of them bereft thee,
 Thou meet'st to part no more.

Each numerous, dear relation,
 And some so dear to me,
 Within the walls of salvation,
 I trust shall welcome thee.

Where tears shall flow no longer,
 Nor cares distract the breast,
 Where love is purer—stronger,
 And no false friends molest.

While some with joy recounting
 The storms that swell'd their sail,
 While thou to bliss art mounting,
 Just wafted by a gale.

While some o'erwhelm'd with trouble,
 In the cold waves have stood,
 One breeze dissolv'd thy bubble,
 And wafted thee to God.

To a Friend and Physician.

Son of benevolence! whose healing art,
 By heavenly blessing, rais'd this drooping frame;
 Whose gentle manners cheer'd this sinking heart,
 And in my bosom lit hope's lambient flame;
 This grateful heart expands with kindest glow,
 And every blessing would for thee implore,
 Who still delights to raise the sons of woe,
 And bids the burning temples throb no more.
 Heaven bless thy labors, make thee like thy Lord,
 To whom the sick, the lame, the blind, repair;
 Oh may each joy within thy breast be stored,
 And cheer thy heart thro' all its round of care.
 Heaven grant thee too, a recompense above,
 For acts, which here, are only paid with love.

FRIENDSHIP.

A SONNET.

Friendship is a summer flower,
 Thriving best in sunny ray,
 Yet sometimes 'mid the snowy shower,
 It blooms in winter's day.

And oh, how sweet is its perfume,
 When every other flower is dead!
 It looks like hope upon the tomb
 Where pale despair reclines his head.

And while its hues delight the eye,
 Its balmy fragrance spreads around,
 Wafted by gentle pity's sigh,
 To heal misfortune's wound.

Expanded, still is seen its gentle breast,
 Where weeping sorrow lays her head to rest.

BLIND JAKE, THE MILLER.

Where little Mingo winds its way,
 Through many a copse and meadow gay,
 And bears his scanty tribute small,
 To give to nobler Schuylkill all;

Where broader grows his feeble rill,
 There stands, beside the bridge, a mill;
 Where oft the neighbouring swains repair,
 And find poor Jake the miller there.
 He'd rise before the morning light,
 For with poor Jake 'twas always night;
 He ne'er beheld the cheerful ray,
 That ushers in the dawning day.
 For him in vain the green hills rise,
 No flow'ry vale salutes his eyes,
 No cheerful ray of sun-light fair,
 Black clouds of darkness hover there.
 And yet poor Jake was cheerful still,
 Would chant his song and tend his mill;
 And seem'd as blithesome, brisk, and gay,
 As those who have the light of day.
 For tho' without 'twas always night,
 The heart within seem'd fair and light;
 And where a cheerful heart we find,
 To light the breast of him that's blind,
 We cannot well the truth mistake,
 'That now 'tis well with poor blind Jake;
 For death has closed poor Jacob's ears,
 No more his clattering mill he hears.
 Let hungry swains their loss deplore,
 For thou shalt take the grist no more;
 Nor cross the bridge, nor wind the hill,
 Nor chant thy song, nor tend thy mill.
 Thy tedious night without a ray,
 Opened I trust in endless day;
 Let all thy cheerful patience prize,
 And be as gay with both their eyes;
 So bright a pattern let me take,
 And sometimes think of poor old Jake.

CONTENTMENT.

'There is a gem whose worth exceeds
 A Cæsar's on his throne;
 Riches within a cot it spreads,
 And makes the world its own.

The gay attire, the spacious dome,
 Too rarely boast the prize,
 That oft is seen in cottage home,
 Like monarch in disguise.

Without it, heaven has vainly lent
 To man a plenteous store;
 Unless he find the gem Content,
 Though rich, he still is poor.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

'There is a charm for human woe,
 Though oft its heavenly light,
 In vain the wanderer seeks to know,
 Amid the gloom of night.

Yet rarely does it fail to shed,
 E'en then a glimmering ray,
 Without it every joy is dead,
 And pleasure fades away.

To cheer this thorny vale 'twas given,
 To light us down its slope;
 Like the bright bow that spans the heaven,
 Is the sweet charmer Hope.

There is a plant of darkest hues,
 Where'er it sends its breath,
 The rose's leaves around it strews,
 And dooms the flower to death.

Oft in the cypress shade it grows,
 Or nursed by cankering care,
 In the sad soil of human woes—
 It is the weed Despair.

E'er he your every joy infest,
 Oh, root the spoiler up;
 And kindly cherish in your breast,
 The smiling cheerer Hope.

ON THE DEATH OF L—— A——.

In mournful numbers, urg'd by friendship's call,
 To let the tears of sacred memory fall,
 Fain would I strive; but language fails to tell,
 How much I lov'd my friend, how true, how well!
 Come hither, then, ye sympathetic souls,
 Down whose wan cheeks the tear of memory
 rolls;

Ye who have lost a parent, husband, wife,
 Or child, the stay of your declining life—
 Come join my sorrowing lay, let fall a tear,
 'Tis friendship's voice demands the tribute here;

'Tis not of age, worn down with care and grief,
 Who welcome death, to bring a kind relief;
 'Tis not of childhood, in its tender bloom,
 Consign'd an early victim to the tomb,
 Demands my verse—but here 'tis mine to trace
 Maturity—adorned with every grace,
 Happy, in wedlock's silken fetters tied,
 Lately with mirth we hail'd the blushing bride:
 With joy elate, we wish'd her many a day,
 But ah! too soon these joys have fled away!
 As sinks the summer sun behind a cloud,
 So early death our brightest hopes enshroud.
 One year had scarce elaps'd, one hasty year,
 E'er death approach'd to stop her fond career.
 An infant daughter to the world consigned,
 Its mother's image may it bear in mind;
 That sweet simplicity, that native grace,
 Those artless smiles that animate the face,
 Conspicuous still, in thy lov'd form I see.
 Oh could I draw a portrait just like thee!
 Which thy companion, with a falling tear
 Might deign to own, and see his Lydia here:
 Yet vain the attempt to set her graces forth,
 Her modest virtues, her intrinsic worth;
 I fondly trust her soul in heaven now shares,
 A recompense for all her former cares;
 Where, if anticipation finds a place,
 She waits in hopes to see her partner's face;
 To bid him welcome to the realms above,
 To share the transports of immortal love;
 Where death no more can enter to destroy
 The bright fruition of immortal joy.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION—1800.

While glittering lamps adorn the sky,
 And solemn silence reigns around,
 And the wide world in slumbers lie,
 Wrap'd in a stillness most profound.

Now far above yon glorious sphere,
 Let waking fancy take her flight;
 Nor, wrapt in darkness, linger here,
 But mount those glorious hills of light.

There view the wond'rous worlds on high,
 Mark the bright planets roll along,
 Traverse the wide expanded sky,
 Or listen to the seraph's song;

Or trace the fair Elysian bowers,
 Or thro' ambrosial grottos rove,
 To seek Josiah* crown'd with flowers,
 Tuning his golden harp of love.

But fancy flags, her pinions fail,
 And down again to earth she flies,
 Nature too strong will yet prevail,
 And all the lovely prospect dies.

* A little brother.

Then cease, vain muse! no more explore
 What heaven in wisdom has conceal'd!
 But still, with reverence adore
 The power who has enough reveal'd!

Who, in impenetrable shade,
 Has hid from us the world to come;
 Futurity in clouds array'd,
 In mystery is our future home.

Yet heaven is just and righteous still,
 Its wise decrees we must adore;
 The mystic mazes of its will,
 Are not for mortals to explore.

TO H. J. C.

ON THE DEATH OF HER TWIN BOYS.

Sweet innocents! so soon set free
 From life and all its misery,
 And free'd from all the pain and woe,
 That we poor trav'lers yet must know;
 With soul unstain'd, each little breast,
 Sunk gently into endless rest.
 While still upon each beauteous face,
 Of death, there scarce appear'd a trace.
 Placid and beautiful they shone,
 Fair as the little inmates flown;
 Dear babes! tho' fond affection still
 Oft wanders to the lonely hill,

To mark where side by side you lie,
 And o'er your little hillocks sigh;
 And tho' the silent tear may fall,
 Yet not to mourn your early call—
 Nor would I wake your peaceful nap,
 Even from your mother earth's cold lap,
 But seek the path that leads to joy,
 And there embrace each lovely boy.

Tranquillity of Mind desirable.

Whate'er of life, its joy or woe,
 Shall be my lot to find;
 One blessing bounteous God! bestow,
 And I shall be resigned.

I ask not wealth, nor yet a name
 Among the sons of earth!
 I bid adieu to love of fame,
 And ask superior worth.

I ask, ah grant it, God of power!
 A calm unruffled mind;
 A soul serene as evening hour,
 Unmoved by breath of wind.

Oh teach me how to rule my mind!
 That rolling, boisterous sea!
 Teach me that solid good to find
 Which only flows from thee!

Oh give me wisdom to pursue
 The path for me designed ;
 And shed thy heavenly light anew
 In my bewildered mind.

Teach me with patience to sustain,
 Each trial whilst I live ;
 To know that every aid is vain
 But that which thou can'st give.

Teach me humility to learn,
 And every pride subdue ;
 Teach me thy precepts to discern,
 And with my might pursue.

Expel the foes that wound my peace,
 Those inmates of the breast ;
 Thou! who can'st bid the billows cease,
 Can lull my fears to rest.

Those gaudy, transient, pleasing forms,
 That fancy paints so gay,
 Are followed by repeated storms,
 That sweep the charm away.

Must human weakness then out-weigh
 The strength by heaven design'd ;
 Hence! vain delusive dreams! away!
 Nor more disturb my mind.

Be heaven my hope ; and centred there,
 May my best wishes tend ;
 Calmly the ills of life I bear,
 When God shall be my friend.

THE DESIGN OF AFFLICTIONS.

A sovereign Father, wise and good,
 By trials can the soul refine ;
 'Tis thus he deals us better food,
 And bids his sun-beams cease to shine.

Then all the flow'ry pride of spring,
 A gloomy wilderness appears ;
 In vain the birds melodious sing,
 No more their pleasing music cheers.

Perhaps some idol, in the heart
 Has found a temple soft and fair ;
 Has bid each nobler guest depart,
 And holds unsway'd dominion there.

'Tis thus the sovereign Lord of love,
 Blasts all our hopes and vain desires,
 'Till he our idol-guest remove,
 Till but to him our heart aspires.

'Tis his to humble whom he please,
 By means to all the world unknown ;
 'Tis his to rob the heart of ease,
 That he designs to make his own.

On the sudden Death of Sarah V——.

And is poor Sarah gone? her noon-day bright
 How soon obscured beneath the gloom of night!
 Ah! sudden transit from health's cheerful bloom
 'To the cold dampness of the silent tomb.
 Circled around by all her little group
 Who claimed her care, or raised the smile of hope;
 Counting perhaps on many a pleasing day
 E'er death should call to summons her away;
 In fancy's eye her little flock appears,
 'The joy and stay of her declining years;
 And oft amidst her toil, sweet hope would say,
 "These, by affection, shall those toils repay."
 But ah! how vain is every hope below,
 Swift flew an arrow from a hidden bow—
 Sudden upon her cheeks the roses die,
 And on her trembling lips their latest sigh.
 Healthful at morn, surrounded with delight,
 A pale extended corpse before 'twas night.
 Farewell, poor Sarah! he who call'd, I trust,
 Prepar'd for thee a home among the just.

JOYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Joys of our childhood, oh how sweet!
 Its griefs how quickly over,
 A parent's fond caress to meet
 If but an hour a rover.

With soul alive to every charm,
 To climb the towering mountain;
 To trace the cultivated farm,
 Or bathe in crystal fountain.

To hear the birds, in concert high,
 To view the lambkins bounding;
 The lowing herds, the zephyr's sigh,
 The distant views surrounding.

To feel the heart expand with love,
 To all the wide creation;
 Or raised to him, who dwells above,
 In fervent adoration.

Such are the joys that childhood knows,
 E'er guilt corrodes the bosom;
 Such joys in Eden found repose,
 Till sin had nip'd its blossom.

The heart, of innocence possess'd,
 Is still in Eden dwelling;
 E'er thirst of knowledge fills the breast.
 That breast with joy is swelling.

It feels a love for all around,
 It sees nor fears a danger;
 Where'er it roves new charms abound,
 To please the guiltless ranger.

A SHOWER DESCENDING.

See the parch'd earth rejoices,
 The grateful showers descend;
 The birds renew their voices,
 The trees in homage bend.

To thee! all gracious giver!
 I too would raise my voice,
 My dear, my kind reliever,
 Commands me to rejoice.

When all look'd sad around me,
 And I no joy could see;
 In deep distress he found me,
 From sorrow set me free.

'Then wherefore should I murmur,
 'Tho' he my hopes may blight?
 'The Lord of the Creation
 Doth every thing aright.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

While shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains,
 Their fleecy charge attended,
 An angel throng with sweetest song.
 In shining forms descended.

Divinely sweet and heavenly bright,
 The joyful song, the radiant glow,
 That then dispel'd the clouds of night,
 And bid unbounded peace to flow.

Go, shepherds! rule the prince of love,
 Go find your sovereign in a stall!
 He left the glorious realms above,
 To succour you—to succour all!

The shining host again ascend,
 In heaven eternal praise to sing;
 The shepherds cease their flocks to tend,
 And seek their saviour and their king.

When lo! a star, unknown before,
 Shone brightly in the eastern sky;
 The sons of wisdom thence explore,
 And found their infant Saviour nigh.

Rejoice, the Saviour reigns above!
 The babe of Bethlehem now is king!
 Accept, dear Lord, our songs of love,
 Since we thy glorious birth day sing.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER BODILY AFFLICTION.

“My faded cheek the hues disclose,
 Of yellow autumn soon to fall.”

Lord! help me o'er the thorny maze
 Thou hast appointed me;
 And the small remnant of my days
 May I devote to thee.

My earthly hopes, thou'st laid them low,
 And thorns for roses given;
 Oh! grant beyond the thorn of woe,
 A fadeless rose in heaven.

'Then shall I ne'er regret the loss
 Of earth's poor fading flower;
 Shall meekly bear affliction's cross,
 Supported by thy power.

'This languid frame, this aching head,
 This palpitating breast,
 Shall soon beneath the turf be laid,
 In everlasting rest.

But while I tread this thorny maze,
 Though short perhaps 'twill be,
 This little remnant of my days
 May I devote to thee.

AUTUMN.

Hail Autumn! with thy yellow leaf,
 Nipt by the early frost;
 'Thou mind'st me of the hues of grief,
 The rose of summer lost.
 'The rose of summer yet will bloom,
 And shed new sweets around;
 'The faded tree its green resume,
 But for the charms that grief consume,
 No spring-time shall be found.

Yet, Autumn! tho' thou look'st like grief,
 And mournful sigh thy wind,
 'Though sear'd and faded is thy leaf,
 In thee some joys we find.
 The sprightly song, the gay attire,
 No more enchant the ear, the eye,
 Yet thou dost serious thoughts inspire,
 Soft'nest the soul with gentler fire,
 And kindly lifts our views on high.

Thoughts during a Thunder Storm at Night.

Be still, my thoughts—hark! o'er the world
 The thunder rolls—the livid flame descends,
 And with thick flashes lights the darkness round—
 While the loud roar each slumb'ring being wakes,
 Tremendous crashing o'er the cottage roof.
 The dog, with piteous cry, an entrance craves,
 Cringing and shivering at the bolted door;
 While in the woods the coming tempest roars,
 Fraught with a deluge of descending rain
 That in loud torrents pours, and finds its way
 Through every little space. Be calm, my fears!
 Oh! thou Eternal Ruler of the heavens!
 Who bids the thunder roll, and lightning flash;
 Dispel those fears, for thou alone can'st guide
 The fatal shaft along, and can'st direct
 The direful bolts where to descend and strike!
 How awfully sublime! while o'er mid-heaven
 Rolling majestic! Oh! how eased my breast

When in the distant east I see thee blaze,
 And view with pleasure what so late I feared;
 Thy distant roaring lulls me to repose,
 And freshen'd breezes make my slumbers sweet.

TO SARAH AND MARY E——.

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR MOTHER.

Poor sufferer! thy sorrows are ended,
 Thy fears can no longer oppress;
 Thy spirit I trust has ascended,
 A mansion of rest to possess.

Thy life was a scene of probation,
 But now is thy spirit set free;
 And I trust that the God of salvation,
 Has purchas'd that blessing for thee.

How sweet is the rest of the mourner,
 How easy that bosom of pain,
 No longer on earth a sojourner,
 No fears shall molest her again.

No longer assail'd by temptation,
 The power of the tempter is o'er;
 The body has lost its sensation,
 The spirit now lives to adore.

Poor sufferer! to me tho' a stranger,
 Thy sorrows my bosom oppress'd;
 I rejoice thou art now out of danger,
 And art gone to a mansion of rest.

THE NEGRO BOY.

O'er the ocean's smooth bosom the moon was
 soft gleaming,
 As poor little Saddi on deck took his stand;
 Down his cheeks, wan with sorrow, the tears
 were fast streaming,
 As he cast the last look at his dear native land.

Oh, my Father and Mother! ah! why are we
 parted?

Why thus am I cruelly borne o'er the wave?
 Ah! why is the white man so base and hard
 hearted?

Whose Saviour, they say come to seek and to
 save.

But was it for love that they cruelly sought me,
 While I watched off the birds from our field of
 grain?

Ah! was it for love that afar they have brought
 me?

Ah no! my poor mother, their motive was gain.

In vain shalt thou look for thy Saddi, at even;
 In vain, for thy boy, the good kouskous prepare,
 Or watch the dark clouds that advance o'er the
 heaven,
 And fear the big tempest will fall to his share.

But, ah! the dark storm, in the skies that is
 scowling,
 Has mercy's sweet sun-beams conceal'd in
 its gloom;
 And the lion is generous, tho' hungry and
 prowling,
 But man, in his breast, has for mercy no room.

And yet, they are Christians, the white men oft
 tell us,
 And speak of a Saviour of mercy and love;
 And does that kind Saviour e'er bid them to
 sell us,
 Or can he the acts of such children approve?

Alas! the sad thought, from my parents to sever!
 Ah! who from the hand of these Christians can
 save?
 And shall I ne'er see thee my mother! oh never!
 His heart burst with grief, and he sunk in the
 wave.

On the Death of E. S——, aged 87 years.

Poor solitary one! o'er thy lone beir,
 No friendly eye lets fall the sorrowing tear.
 No tender sister, leaning o'er thy bed,
 Wiped thy moist eyes or rais'd thy drooping head.
 No child, no brother, no kind kindred left!
 Of all that earth calls happiness bereft;
 Thy shatter'd frame, by age and sorrow wore,
 Was all that thou possess'd of worldly store.

That shatter'd frame, accounted little worth,
 A long protracted cumberer of the earth.
 Poor solitary one! forlorn thy lot,
 By man forgotten, not by God forgot;
 Thy soul, released from its cold clog, I trust
 Through Christ's redeeming love has joined the
 Just.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BROTHER.

Remembrance often brings to mind the scene,
 And recollection oft renews the smart,
 And rends my bosom fresh with anguish keen,
 While thy dear image clings about my heart.

But still I feel no reason to repine,
 Or murmur at the will of righteous heaven;
 Thy change was happy, sorrow still is mine,
 My grief is such, I trust to be forgiven.

It is not grief that still I think of thee,
 Dear little one that was so early blest;
 'Twas mercy's gentle hand that set thee free,
 And took thee home to everlasting rest.

Oh! may thy sister meet thee on that shore,
 Where sorrows cease, and tears shall be no more!

TO A FRIEND.

Accept dear girl, my thanks sincere,
 For all thy toil and trouble here;
 The cause no doubt is deep impress'd,
 And ever will be, on my breast.

May'st thou, with other friends so kind,
 Reward for all your goodness find;
 Warm gratitude shall ever be,
 For all your kindness felt by me.

LINES IN MEMORY OF F—— B——.

Dear valu'd friend, farewell!—till virtue dies,
 Till every sense of gratitude expire,
 Thy memory many a feeling heart shall prize,
 And what they cannot imitate, admire.

From works to a reward thy spirit goes,
 For works like thine a blessing must attend;
 'Twas thine to sooth affliction's keenest woes,
 In thee the friendless sought and found a friend.

Favour'd with health, with means by heaven supplied,
 'Twas thine aright those talents to improve;
 By thee the kind relief was ne'er denied,
 Thy days were spent in offices of love.

Thy numerous family their loss deplore,
 Thy neighbours miss thee at the bed of pain,
 Where thou can'st minister relief no more;
 But cease—our loss is her eternal gain.

CHRIST THE SURE REFUGE.

Oh Father Supreme! may these scenes of probation,

These pains and these sorrows attract me to thee;

Oh help me to bow in the humblest prostration,
And grant in affliction true patience to me.

Oh grant this poor heart what alone can relieve it,
Can teach all its restless emotions to cease;
Infuse thy sweet love, make it soft to receive it,
And speak the wild waves into calmness and peace.

For why do I struggle, since naught it availeth?
My strength is exhausted, my spirits are gone;
My heart and my flesh are grown languid and faileth,
Ah! where is the rock I should anchor upon.

I cast my eyes round o'er the wide rolling ocean,
'There all was a scene of confusion to me;
I raise my eyes up, but the clouds in commotion,
With tempests of thunder and lightning I see.

Ah! where shall I fly, midst the waves thus contending,
My strength is exhausted, no port can I see;
When lo! a sweet voice like music descending,
Breathed soft through my heart, "Fly poor sinner to me."

And I must fly to thee, thou rock of all ages!
 Or sink in the fathomless depth of the wave:
 The hope of thy mercy my terror assuages,
 Thy strength, not my own, is sufficient to save.

For oh! I am weak and rejoice that I feel it,
 And deep are the wounds sin has made in my
 soul;
 But thou hast the balm, and stands ready to heal it,
 And can bid a poor sinner to rise and be whole.

Prayer for Victory over Sin.

Lord! help me to subdue
 The rebel in my breast;
 My feeble strength renew,
 And give my spirit rest.

I'm weary of the fight
 With my rebellious foes,
 Oh! put the host to flight!
 Oh come and interpose.

Without thy healing hand,
 My feeble efforts fail;
 I find I cannot stand,
 My foes will yet prevail.

Dear Saviour from above!
 Expel the rebel sin,
 And with thy host of love,
 Oh come and enter in.

A CHRISTMAS PIECE WRITTEN 1827.

All hail! glorious morning! the brightest that
ever

Bid darkness and shade from thy radiance to
sever!

The star of the east is still beaming to guide us,
To him whom our God did in mercy provide us.

Still peace is proclaim'd, and good will to man-
kind

Is extended to all who their tribute shall bring;
Who, by seeking aright, soon the manger shall
find,

And present the best off'ring, their hearts, to their
king.

Our hearts let's present him, in humble prostra-
tion,

Proud self and its treasures lay low at his feet;
'Tis humility breathes forth that pure adoration,
That from a meek Saviour acceptance shall meet.

Then let us adore him, as king and as Saviour,
And welcome his birth-day with songs to his
praise;

Let us strive to be like him in future behaviour,
And merit his love, by our love to his ways.

ADDRESSED TO ———

Should want e'er stare you in the face,
 And poverty, (that sad disgrace!)
 Your portion be ;
 Should love of independence then,
 Induce you to take up the pen,
 As it does me—

Should languid sickness you alarm,
 And link, in poverty's, his arm,
 So weak and frail ;
 Upon a dark autumnal night,
 Should they their forces all unite,
 You to assail—

Oh then may you a friend possess,
 Disposed as you have been to bless,
 With kindness true ;
 Who will a hand of friendship lend,
 Your prose or rhyming ware to vend,
 And thus help you.

Such measures as we mete, 'tis said,
 Shall to ourselves be also weighed,
 In balance just ;
 And such as you have dealt to me,
 With vast addition soon will be
 Your own I trust.

A STORM AT SEA.

The sun had sunk in golden bed,
 In all his brightest splendor ;
 While the full moon her lustre shed,
 So modest, soft, and tender.

The skies, without a speck, were blue,
 With golden lamps suspended ;
 And all around, in distant view,
 The skies and seas seem blended.

On the broad bosom of the deep,
 The gentle moon-beam dances,
 The silent billows seem to sleep,
 As slow the ship advances.

With hearts of mirth, the sailors gay,
 Upon the deck assemble
 To dance the evening hours away ;
 But soon with fear they tremble.

An old experienced seaman saw
 Far on the wide horizon,
 A little speck which fill'd with awe,
 The assembled throng surprising.

He mark'd it to the blithesome crew,
 Whose mirth was quickly blighted ;
 And dark and darker soon it grew,
 And stoutest hearts affrighted.

And, e'er the midnight hour had past,
 The helmsman cried full loudly,
 But soon they from their beds were cast,
 Ah, who could then look proudly?

The proudest hearts that hour were low,
 The stoutest hearts did tremble,
 To whom they then their help would owe,
 They dare not one dissemble.

But he who rides upon the winds,
 And rules the stormy ocean,
 Who in his grasp the tempest binds,
 And calms the waves commotion—

'Twas his good pleasure then to save,
 (To show his power unbounded :)
 Those sons of folly on the wave,
 Whom danger late surrounded.

Ye sons of Neptune! brave and free,
 Ah! were you free from sinning!
 While you a Father's mercies see,
 Ah, why so hard in winning?

You see the wonders of his power,
 When o'er the deep ye rove;
 And oft in dangers threat'ning hour,
 The wonders of his love.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Where the willow stoops to kiss the ground,
 Before the cottage door,
 'Twas there my happy childhood found
 The joys I find no more.

The willow long ago is dead,
 But still the cot is seen ;
 While all that made it dear is laid
 Beneath the church-yard green.

The robin still, upon the spray,
 Delights the listening swain ;
 The chattering wren with ceaseless lay,
 The dove in mournful strain.

But robin-redbreast, on the tree,
 Nor dove in woodland green,
 Nor little wren have charms for me,
 Nor all my native scene.

Yet once no heart more warmly beat
 To nature's artless strain,
 While listening on the willow seat,
 Or rambling o'er the plain.

Empty the seat beneath the tree,
 When evening shades the vale,
 Sad desolation seems to be
 The breath of every gale.

Yes! desolation to my heart,
 Since all I lov'd are fled;
 Scenes, that could once such joys impart,
 Seem like the owners, dead.

But ah, not dead! ye daily live .
 In this sad heart of mine;
 Ye are not dead, for I believe
 In brighter worlds ye shine.

To those fair worlds of light and love,
 May I in time repair;
 For here forlorn and sad I rove,
 In this dark world of care.

And late upon the verge of time,
 With trembling heart I stood;
 Beheld in view the eternal clime,
 Yet fear'd the darksome flood.

Why should I fear the gloomy wave
 That you have cross'd before?
 While he who died my soul to save,
 Can bid it cease to roar.

THE ANT HILL.

On a sunny moorland bright,
 Beside the pathway fair,
 A spacious ant-hill rose to sight,
 And many an ant was there.

'The little busy careful train,
 That rear'd the mound so high,
 Had stor'd it well with yellow grain,
 From out a field, hard by.

An aged ant stood at the door,
 He seemed the sire to be ;
 And long he look'd across the moor,
 The youthful group to see.

Well loaded with their spoil, at length,
 He saw his children near,
 And some had loads beyond their strength,
 As plainly did appear.

“ Well done my children,” cries the sire,
 “ I'm glad to see you come ;
 Your industry I much admire,
 Where do your brothers roam ?

“ Why have ye left upon the plain,
 Your brothers weak and small ?
 I greatly fear your love of gain,
 By might, has taken all.

“ Though I your industry approve,
 As you with strength are blessed,
 Yet when I see you void of love,
 Your avarice I detest.

“ And must my feeble ones expire,
 With hunger's pinching call ?
 Go naughty children back retire,
 And give them share of all.

“ For should the generous farmer know,
 The avarice you have shown,
 His blessing he'd no more bestow,
 But tread our ant-hill down.

“ Perhaps to try you, he has thrown
 Some handfuls in your way ;
 But since you gave your brothers none,
 He loves you less than they.

“ I know him well, for when a child
 I tug'd his bounteous store ;
 And oft on me he kindly smiled,
 And bid me come for more.

“ Then, little ant, tho' thou hast come,
 To glean my field alone,
 Yet when thou bear'st the treasure home,
 Don't call it all thy own.

“ Oh! let not avarice steel thy breast!
 Would'st thou my favor see,
 That when with sickness thou'rt oppress'd,
 Thy friends may toil for thee.”

—————

TO DEBORAH E. C —.

Dear semblance of a dearer one !
 Now from my sight forever gone ;
 These jetty locks his own display,
 E'er sorrow turned the black to grey.

Those eyes expressive of delight,
 Are his, e'er sorrow dim'd their light;
 Those smiling features are his own,
 Who now is to the dust gone down.

But ah! I need not thus to trace
 His features in thy cheerful face;
 These, deep on memory's page I view
 Engraved in love's unchanging hue.
 His playful smile in younger years;
 His gloom when in the vale of tears;
 These oft before my fancy wake,
 And bids me love thee, for his sake.

Though for his sake I'd love alone,
 I love thee, dear one, for thy own!
 Be thine, my dear, his brighter day,
 Be thine the charms he did display!
 On thee may heaven his worth bestow;
 Be thine his joy, without his woe.
 This parting kiss, my dear one, take!
 And love its giver for his sake.

A SONNET.

In the rosy west, when the sun was low,
 And the rage of the tempest had ceased,
 The promise of mercy was seen in the bow
 That bent over the gloom of the east.

It spake not, but still in its hue did appear,
 'The promise it meant to convey;
 Presaging the morrow as lovely and clear,
 As 'twas stormy and dismal to day.

And thus when my journey comes near to a close,
 May the tempest in calmness subside;
 May the rainbow of hope o'er my bosom repose,
 As immortal and mortal divide.

While the bow of sweet promise bends over the
 gloom,
 Then how glorious the morning that opes from
 the tomb.

TO AN INFANT.

Sweet is the dawn of life! how sweet to thee!
 Whose little guiltless breast no sorrow knows;
 How sweet! reclining on thy mother's knee,
 And, 'midst caresses, sinking to repose;
 Yes! thou wert blest, could those dear moments
 last,
 But soon, my love, those happy days are past.

Thoughts on recovering from Sickness, 1827.

On time's remotest verge I stood,
 Where Jordan rolled his awful flood;
 I view'd the waters, dark and deep,
 'The swelling surge, the margin steep;

I mark'd the billows lash the shore,
 I heard the winds tremendous roar;
 Expecting every surge that passed,
 'To be from time's frail tenure cast:
 With aching head and throbbing breast,
 I looked toward the land of rest;
 Beyond the stream I cast my eyes,
 In hopes to see sweet hills arise,
 To view the fair enamel'd coast
 Where time in endless bliss is lost,
 But mists of gloom involved the shore,
 That blooms beyond old Jordan's roar;
 While thus with trembling heart I stood,
 Close on the margin of the flood,
 A little star arose to sight,
 Twinkling, amid the gloom of night,
 The mists of darkness felt the ray,
 Though faint, it cheer'd the darksome way.
 And fair, before my wondering eyes,
 The beauteous hills of Canaan rise;
 So sweet, so bright, so heavenly fair,
 'That naught impure can enter there.
 I view'd my garments by the light,
 And found them far from pure and white.
 Though long I'd strove to make them so,
 The thought did but augment my woe;
 I still beheld, with all my toil,
 They yet retained an earthly soil;
 As filthy rags they seemed to be,
 'That ne'er could win a heaven for me.
 When, lo! to cheer my anxious sight,
 The gloom expands a broader light,
 I saw a heavenly form descend,
 'Twas mercy's self, the sinner's friend!

He bade me cast my robes aside,
 And take the garment he'd provide;
 From death's cold margin rais'd me up,
 And trim'd afresh the lamp of hope;
 Restored my strength, relieved my pain,
 And sent me back to life again.

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

'Twas in a lonely wilderness,
 A pretty little wild-flower grew;
 It cheer'd a heart in deep distress,
 And raised the power of hope anew.
 In Parke's despairing breast.

In Afric's desert land,
 When every fount was dry,
 He sunk upon the burning sand,
 He sunk him down to die.

But as he cast his eyes around,
 He spied *thee*, pretty little flower!
 And, at that moment, hope was found
 To cheer this trying hour.

'The hand that sheds its dew on thee,
 Poor little solitary thing,
 'That hand he cried will care for me,
 And in the desert ope a spring;
 And these parch'd lips again shall taste
 Fresh waters in the burning waste.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Accept my thanks, altho' so late expressed,
 But genuine goodness never asks parade,
 And oft conceals beneath a modest shade,
 The hand whose warmth expands the grateful
 breast.

Such goodness to the heart is ever dear,
 And of far greater worth than splendid show,
 It owns the hand that thus delights to cheer,
 Nor lets its fellow hand the secret know.

'Tis like the modest stream that silent flows,
 Yet doth its fertilizing powers renew
 The drooping plants that near its margin grows,
 And give their languid shades a sprightlier hue.

While, in return, their fragrant leaves are strewed
 As tributes small, yet all they have to pay;
 Thus I my friend, from sense of gratitude,
 Ask thy acceptance of this humble lay.

FRIENDSHIP.

'There is a balm whose cordial glow,
 Can warm the grief-chill'd heart of woe,
 Can light the expiring lamp of hope,
 And raise the care worn spirits up.

'That balm, tho' oft exposed to view,
 With balsams of like scent and hue,
 Yet to discriminate them right
 Requires the use, and not the sight.
 The one has virtues, nam'd above,
 The more we use, the more we love ;
 While this, that is not genuine balm,
 May serve awhile our fears to calm,
 May ease our pains and promise high,
 While the bright sunny beams are nigh.
 But only let the tempest lour,
 Your cordial balsam soon grows sour :
 And then, tho' highly prized before,
 'Twill only make you ache the more,
 And will, unless you soon forsake
 Its use, your hearts with coldness break ;
 While genuine friendship, pure and warm,
 Is still the same in rain or storm ;
 By length of age no ferment fears,
 But, like good wine, improves with years.

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1817.

Adieu! with thy time stealing train,
 Of months, and weeks, and hours, and days,
 Another year is born again,
 And ushered with resplendent rays.

Nor in oblivion sinks the past,
 But still on memory's record stands :
 Ah! many a precious moment past,
 The tear of deep regret demands.

Though swift the winged hours have fled,
 Or sunk among departed years ;
 Yet when I think how ill I've sped,
 Can scarce restrain the falling tears.

'The year preceding this that's past,
 Was witness to affliction's train ;
 'Then many a pleasure was laid waste,
 And many a pleasing hope was slain.

'Though more propitious thou hast been,
 Yet heaven in mercy deals the rod ;
 'To show the aspiring heart its sin,
 To raise the humbled soul to God.

Almighty power! to thy control
 May all my future hopes be given ;
 With thy pure wisdom fill my soul,
 And help me in the path to heaven.

There is a bliss enjoyed below,
 That makes the wilderness rejoice ;
 That makes the streams of gladness flow,
 And turns to songs the mourner's voice.
 But that sweet peace is ne'er possessed,
 'Till smiling conscience lights the breast.

*Verses written on the banks of the Susquehanna
River.*

The sun has sunk behind the western mountain,
And Cynthia rising, glimmers thro' the trees ;
Along the valley glides the moss-edg'd fountain,
Scarce ruffled by the gentle evening breeze.

While from the window, distant views command-
ing,
Delightful scenes the ravish'd eye surveys,
The broad majestic river, wide expanding,
Like a smooth mirror in the moonlight rays.

Hail lovely scenes! where nature wild displaying
Her gay romantic prospects to my view ;
And while my raptur'd eye those charms survey-
ing,
In vain my pen would paint thy beauties too.

As late upon thy rocky shores I wandered,
Or climb'd thy highest summits with delight,
My pensive heart on absent scenes have pondered,
While my dear home in fancy rose to sight.

Friends of my youth! tho' far from you I sever,
While on these distant lonely shores I rove,
Yet my fond heart must cling to you forever,
Drawn by the chords of nature's strongest love.

Here on the mountain's brow, by trees o'ershaded,
 Where the young fawn a fearful distance keeps ;
 Poor innocent, by cruel sportsmen jaded,
 Into the green entangled thicket creeps.

Here might the fairy tribe delighted linger,
 Here might the muses fix their fav'rite seat ;
 Here the soft turtle dove that pensive singer,
 Soothes with sweet melody this wild retreat.

Here might the hermit, by yon sloping mountain,
 Muse on the charms of nature with delight ;
 Sooth'd by the murmuring of the crystal fountain,
 Lull'd by the song of fisher-men at night.

To hear the little boats, by moon-light sailing,
 Or soothing horn the echoing hills resound ;
 Or timid deer on the green herbs regaling,
 Or briskly bounding o'er the distant ground.

Here might the social heart, to care a stranger,
 With those beloved the fleeting moments spend ;
 Here might the solitary grief worn ranger,
 Life's round of ills in contemplation end.

THE NEGRO.

'The mighty power who laid this wond'rous plan,
 And gave a bright immortal soul to man,
 A world of blessings, active limbs to move,
 A mind to reason, and a heart to love ;

The various passions that delight or pain,
 And cheerful hope life's evils to sustain ;
 The love of liberty he gave to all,
 From throne of monarchs, to the cottage small.
 All feel the power, tho' tyrant custom sways,
 Which oft the mind reluctantly obeys ;
 The soul unfetter'd scorns a tyrant's nod,
 And bows to no one but its maker God.
 Tortur'd with stripes and smarting with fresh pain,
 Hear the poor negro, destitute, complain ;
 Down his sunk cheek the tears in torrents roll,
 While bursts of anguish rend his manly soul.
 Back to his native home, fond memory flies,
 And fancy views each scene with streaming eyes ;
 His childish sports on Gambia's fertile shore,
 The cooling palm-shade, when his toil was o'er ;
 His tender parents, or companions dear,
 Brother and sister, claim the unceasing tear.
 Ye! who pretend humanity to know,
 Do not your bosoms feel a pang of woe?
 Come paint the scene! let fancy draw it near!
 And for the friendless drop one friendly tear.
 View him, dejected, hopeless to get free.
 Lost in his soul each manly energy.
 Oh, education! could thy rays extend
 To the poor negro, now without a friend,
 Thou could'st his dormant faculties refine,
 And Afric's, as Columbia's, sons would shine.
 The great, the universal sire of all
 Bestows his bounteous gifts on great and small ;
 Colour and shape alike his bounty prove,
 He chose the colour, and delights to love :
 Without whose will a sparrow cannot fall,
 To the poor African extends his call ;

And tho' against them cruel man combines,
In heaven their souls with equal lustre shines.

TO H. J. C——.

By her Friend and Sister E. C——.

With every wish my bosom glows,
To see a sister blest;
May health, may plenty and repose
And peace upon her rest!

That peace that far out-weighs the joy
This transient world can give;
For here unnumber'd ills array,
And hopes too oft deceive.

Lord! pour thy blessings on my friend,
Thy richest favours shower;
And guide her to the journey's end
Of time's remotest hour.

'Teach her obedience to thy way
Is happiness alone;
Oh never let her footsteps stray,
As mine have often done.

Oh! teach her in the path divine,
Her little flock to lead;
And condescend with food of thine,
'Their infant souls to feed.

Grant her the wisdom from above
 That council can impart;
 Let soft affection win the love,
 That soothes a mother's heart.

The little charge to thee consigned,
 By one forever gone;
 Oh, by affection seek to bind,
 And strive to make thy own.

The arduous task perform'd aright
 Will lasting peace bestow;
 And give thee favour in his sight
 From whom all favours flow.

PERKIOMING.

Where towers the green hill o'er the stream,
 That down the vale is foaming;
 From the great fuss it makes, 'twou'd seem
 A more than Perkioming.

It minds us of some little folks,
 That spring from tiny fountain;
 It rears its cedars and its oaks,
 High towering on its mountain.

And when it gets a fresh supply
 From bounteous clouds that's teeming,
 It grows so insolent and high
 And acts with pride unseeming.

For raging oft, like furious pest,
 (In all its anger foaming)
 Till lost in Schuylkill's gentler breast
 Is noisy Perkioming.

TO MARIA T——N.

As droops the flower beneath the untimely blast,
 Thus, poor Maria! all thy hopes have flown;
 The hand of death has laid thy prospects waste,
 And cropt the flower of hope, so newly blown.

But ah! my friend, what are our hopes below,
 But transient flowers that gild a summer's day?
 Awhile they charm us, then the tempests blow,
 And every little leaf is blown away.

Then blank and comfortless the world appears,
 And the poor heart, of every joy bereft,
 Feels not a pleasure, views no sight that cheers,
 Yet has even then one source of comfort left.

One cheering source of comfort yet remains
 To allay the anguish of the wounded heart;
 'Tis mild religion pointing to the plains
 Of endless bliss, where friends shall never part.

Thither, Maria, let's pursue our way,
 For ah! this life abounds with many a care—
 Its joys, its hopes, its friendships, what are they,
 But glittering bubbles that dissolve in air?

Let's look beyond this thorny vale, to find
 Relief from sorrows that we here must know ;
 Yet he who wounds us has the power to bind,
 And sweeten if he please our cup of woe.

Oh! may he prove thy guardian and thy friend,
 And grant thee comfort in thy infant boy ;
 And when thy life and all its troubles end,
 To meet thy J—— in the realms of joy.

TRIALS.

Trials come to wean fond nature
 From a world we love too well.
 Each afflictive dispensation,
 Tell us here we're not to dwell.

In us there's a spark of heaven,
 Early childhood feels its glow ;
 Which, when death dissolves the body
 To its native heaven will go.

There no thorns are mix'd with roses,
 There no skies are overcast ;
 There are streams of boundless pleasures,
 Pleasures which forever last.

There the cherubims in glory,
 Shout Jehovah's praise around ;
 There each little smiling cherub,
 Joins, with golden harp, the sound.

There no sun nor moon are needed,
 There the great eternal king,
 Fills that glorious place with brightness,
 Clothes it in eternal spring.

There the just receive a mansion,
 Drink the fulness of delight ;
 Let us seek that happy country,
 Be our helper, Lord of might !

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship of earth, tho' heavenly born,
 The sweetest rose! the sharpest thorn,
 That rose does oft contain :
 Oh! for the friendship of the skies,
 That fragrant rose that never dies,
 Nor bears the thorn of pain.

*Lines addressed to a Friend who was going to
 teach the Indians.*

The sweet reward that waits the just,
 When life's rough pilgrimage is o'er,
 Will be thy happy lot, I trust,
 When landed on Emanuel's shore.

Those who for Jesus's sake forgo,
 Parents, and kindred, house and home,
 With peace he will reward below,
 And give them endless bliss to come.

'Tho' forced o'er rugged paths to ride,
 And leave a much lov'd home behind,
 Jesus will be thy guard and guide,
 In him a faithful friend thou'lt find.

Go spread the glorious gospel far,
 And tell poor Indians of his love;
 Then go and shine in heaven a star
 Of the first magnitude above.

“ Perfect love casteth out Fear.”

No forced obedience, Lord! can find
 Acceptance in thy sight;
 Nor yet the selfish wish, designed
 To make our burden light.

That perfect love before whose ray,
 Our fears and frailties flee;
 Save that which only ought to sway.
 That of offending thee.

I covet, more than aught beside,
 To feel the heavenly glow;
 Were I of earthly crowns supplied.
 I'd let the trifles go.

As pants the heart beneath the beam,
 Of Phœbus's scorching ray,
 To taste the pure and limped stream
 His thirsting to allay—

So pants my heart to feel that love,
 'That can from fear set free ;
 Can every selfish wish remove,
 And bid each rival flee.

If at a distance, yet so great,
 Its charms so sweetly shine ;
 What joyful tidings I'll relate,
 Should e'er the prize be mine.

But ah ! how high the barriers rise,
 'That all removed must be,
 E'er I can drink those pure supplies
 That would from sorrow free.

RESIGNATION.

We should not repine let things go as they may,
 A morning of clouds may turn out a bright day ;
 And the night's ne'er so long but the morn will
 return,

Hence let us a lesson of fortitude learn ;
 Though present afflictions are painful to bear,
 When the heart is o'erloaded with sorrow and
 care,

Let us bear the hard burden, 'twill soon be laid by,
 And grant us a smile for each heart-rending sigh.
 For why should we murmur, or long to be dead,
 A world full of blessings before us is spread ;
 The trees are in blossom, the valleys are green,
 All speckled with daisies the meadows are seen ;

The brook murmurs softly along the green vale,
 And the sweetest of perfumes are borne on the
 gale;
 Though man is a mourner and nothing is sure,
 But the hope of a future, the present to cure;
 Then let's hold on our journey, whate'er may be-
 fall,
 And still trust in the gracious disposer of all;
 Tho' the clouds may hang o'er us, and billows
 may roll,
 Still sweet hope is an anchor of rest to the soul.

SIMPLICITY.

My muse is Simplicity's child,
 Her robe the young verdure of May,
 She had pick'd a few flowers from the wild,
 To make her young tresses look gay.

While the dewy drops trembled around,
 Bright as pearls in the blush of the dawn;
 This nymph of the valley I found,
 Young and wild as the beautiful fawn.

Tho' shy, she look'd smiling at me,
 And I join'd her with youthful delight,
 And she still my companion will be,
 Tho' the shades seem to lengthen for night.

And she still her young garment will wear,
 Though it does not become the brown shade,
 Which her comrade whom sorrow and care,
 Has in robes of November array'd.

Still her voice on the breath of the gale,
 Is heard in soft notes to extend;
 And when evening's rude tempests assail,
 She deserts not, but cheers her old friend.

Tho' advanc'd as a matron to view,
 She still is Simplicity's child;
 Her robes still retain their young hue,
 And her garland the flowers of the wild.

Why is it thus, oh thou whose presence fills
 Immensity?—why is it thus in vain
 I seek to feel thee near?—thy outward courts
 In vain I search for thee—what mists are there
 That hides thee from my sight? oh much desired,
 Why stand aloof from me? Where shall I go
 To find this chief among ten thousand loves,
 Rendered more lovely as my only hope.
 And wilt thou fail me too?—Oh I would give
 Ten thousand worlds, were they at my command,
 For one sweet smile from thee—
 My locks are moistened with the dews of night,
 For I have sought thee, at the darksome hour,
 And in thy courts have sought the only fair,
 But oft I seek in vain—then let me turn,
 And seek thee in the temple of my heart,
 And then go out no more!—
 There I have often found thee, when retired
 Within my humble home, or as I've roved
 The crouded street, have felt the living coal
 Upon thy altar, raised within my heart,

And there have offered, what thou gav'st, to thee.
 Oh, drive far hence the guests that oft intrude,
 And with distractions rend what would be thine;
 Would bring the firstlings of its little flock
 And thy own flame should light the sacrifice,
 The only offering that thou wilt approve.

VICISSITUDES.

'There was a time, nor far removed the date,
 When fortune's tide was low—perhaps e'en now
 Remembrance may recall those trying hours,
 When the strong wind seemed mustering all its
 force
 To drive the waters back, and left the beach
 All dry and parch'd beneath the noon-tide ray.
 Who lent a hand, who help'd in times of need,
 Thy shatter'd bark that grounded in the sand,
 With all its lesser boats, and kept them moist,
 Till more auspicious breezes turn'd the tide,
 And sent thee floating on a prosperous stream?
 Fortune is fickle—but there is a hand
 'That makes or unmakes fortune as he please;
 And tho' I too with little slender skiff,
 Long on the beach have been, yet still I trust,
 Or seek to trust in him who rules the tides,
 'That tho' the stream is low, yet not quite dry,
 And e'er the sun-beams drink it quite away,
 Will turn the wind, and on the swelling tide
 Set me afloat again, and bear e'er long
 My feeble bark into the port of rest,
 That lies beyond the sight, beyond the fear
 Of sad vicissitudes.

TO MARY.

Sweet poetess! thy heavenly strains,
Exalt the soul to scenes above;
Or melt the heart in tender pains,
Or warm it with seraphic love.

Yes, Mary! when in notes so sweet,
Thou speak'st of cares that once were thine,
I find my heart responsive beat,
And feel the woes that still are mine.

And oh! I trust that heavenly sire,
On whom thou call'st thy friend to be,
Answer'd in love each warm desire—
Oh! that he thus would favor me.

Thou now art free'd from all thy pains,
And gone in happier worlds to dwell;
To chant in heaven thy tender strains,
Then Mary dear, farewell! farewell!

The following pieces are the production of a young female of this city, lately deceased, and one or two of them have appeared in print—a sister of the authoress has given me permission to subjoin them to my own.



THE CHASE.

Hark! the huntsman's cheerful horn,
That swells upon the breeze of morn;
Echo starts from yonder rock,
The bugle's mellow notes to mock,
And louder she prolongs the strain,
And sends the sound o'er hill and plain.

Start from your covert, timid roe!
Shrill Echo warns you of your foe;
'Tis the huntsman's horn and hound,
With which her mimic lays resound;
And every woody dell they fill,
To warn you of impending ill.

His horn again the huntsman blew,
Again was heard the shrill halloo,
Again the hounds extend their throat,
And Echo mocks their hollow note;

And every hill and wood and plain,
Repeats the mingled notes again.

The mid-day sun, now at its height,
Check'd the impetuous huntsman's flight;
Tired of the unavailing chase,
He sought some sweetly shaded place,
Where thro' the turf the streamlet stray'd,
And music in the woodlands made.

Sweet was the scene! a rustling breeze
Play'd through the interwoven trees,
And with the stream a concert made,
That woo'd the huntsman to the shade,
And lull'd him to that sweet repose,
That chas'd his pleasures and his woes.

Oh! when will my sorrowful pilgrimage cease,
And this wild throbbing heart beat to anguish
no more,
When, when shall I greet the sweet haven of
peace,
Oh! when shall I land on eternity's shore.

Soon may the summer-wind sigh thro' the willow,
And wave its dark shade o'er the grave of my
woes;
Soon may my weary head find on earth's pillow
A season of rest, a sweet night of repose.

Yet still there's a thought waking rapture most
 sweet,
 As it thrills through the heart with an holy
 emotion ;
 'Tis the thought that reviews the sweet home
 where we meet,
 When time shall be lost in eternity's ocean.

*Written on the evening of the Illumination for
 Perry's Victory.*

Ah! cease that clamorous bell's distracting sound,
 Think you the hero triumphs in its noise?
 In all those glittering tapers is there found
 One emblem that portrays a hero's joys?

Can Perry's breast alone feel selfish bliss,
 Weeps not his heart in pity o'er the slain?
 Ah! can he triumph in a scene like this,
 When memory paints the conflict o'er again?

But selfish bliss the hero cannot feel,
 A nation's joy awaits the glorious deed;
 And Perry's breast shall sound a grateful peal
 To Him, who had the victory decreed.

A chasten'd rapture, Perry, fills thy breast,
 Thy sacred tear embalms the heroes slain;
 The gem of pity shines in glory's crest
 More brilliant than a diamond wreath of fame.

ANTHEM.

Glory to God on high!
 Earth and skies, loud reply!
 Raise your glad voices high!
 Glory to God!

Who spread the azure sphere!
 Where countless gems appear,
 Each does his power declare—
 Glory to God!

Glory to God on high!
 Who spread the morning sky,
 Bright to the adoring eye—
 Glory to God!

Hail! the young morning rays,
 With sweetest songs of praise,
 In pure seraphic lays—
 Glory to God!

Glory to God in heaven!
 Who to mankind hath given,
 The tranquil hour of even—
 Glory to God!

Let your thanksgiving soar,
 His awful throne before,
 In trembling love adore—
 Glory to God!

Called forth upon seeing the Philadelphia Hospital, which awoke some painful recollections.

Yon massive pile that far extends,
 And much contains of human woe,
 With forceful recollection blends
 My Henry's form, and frenzy's glow.

For once, within its dreary walls,
 My Henry raved, a maniac wild;
 But reason only stood appall'd
 And quick reclaimed her favorite child.

She tore from frenzy's wild embrace,
 The darling of her bosom's love;
 And soon with gentle soothings chas'd
 The gloom that madness makes us prove.

Now piety inspires his breast,
 And fills his heart with solemn joy,
 He thanks the power whose high behest
 Wounded, but did not quite destroy.

Behold his eyes of sapphire hue!
 What pensive thoughts are there express'd,
 They turn to heaven, with ardour true,
 And there they seek a place of rest.

Oh Henry! may each future year
 Be fraught with happiness for thee!
 And may health's bloom again appear,
 Upon that cheek so dear to me.

For these my heart shall breathe a prayer,
 To one who can those gifts bestow;
 I'll pray thou ne'er may'st feel a care
 Save those which from religion flow.

"He spread all my table in the wilderness."
 Who smoothed my pillow when distress'd,
 And soothed the sorrows of my breast,
 And made my lot in life more blest?
 My Father.

Who bade the springs of joy to flow,
 And hope's ecstatic beams to glow,
 When late did grief her shadows throw?
 My Father.

Erst when the wild thorn thickly grew,
 Who with sweet flowers my path did strew,
 That all around their fragrance threw?
 My Father.

When morning paints the eastern sky,
 With her celestial roseate dye,
 Who whispers, lift th' adoring eye?
 My Father.

And when has sunk the orb of day
 In ocean's bed his golden ray,
 Devotion's vows to thee I'll pay,
 My Father.

And when the evening veil is spread
 In starry lustre on my head,
 I'll pray, thou'lt always be my friend
 My Father.

That thou wilt guard me while I sleep
My senses in oblivion's sleep
And far away all danger keep,
My Father.

But whether slumber seals my eye,
Or rapture lifts it to the sky,
Thy watching care be ever nigh,
My Father.

Ah, when forgotten e'en by thee,
Night's winds across my grave shall flee,
Who! who then will remember me?
My Father.

When the eternal morn shall break,
When from death's sleep I shall awake,
My soul to thee her flight shall take,
My Father.

Written on the Susquehanna Bridge.

ADDRESSED TO W. M. G——.

Here where the waters pleasing flow
Wakes contemplation's holy glow,
I fondly think if thou wert here,
Brighter would every scene appear;
Whilst thou art far, where'er I roam,
I still must feel I'm all alone.

FINIS.

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